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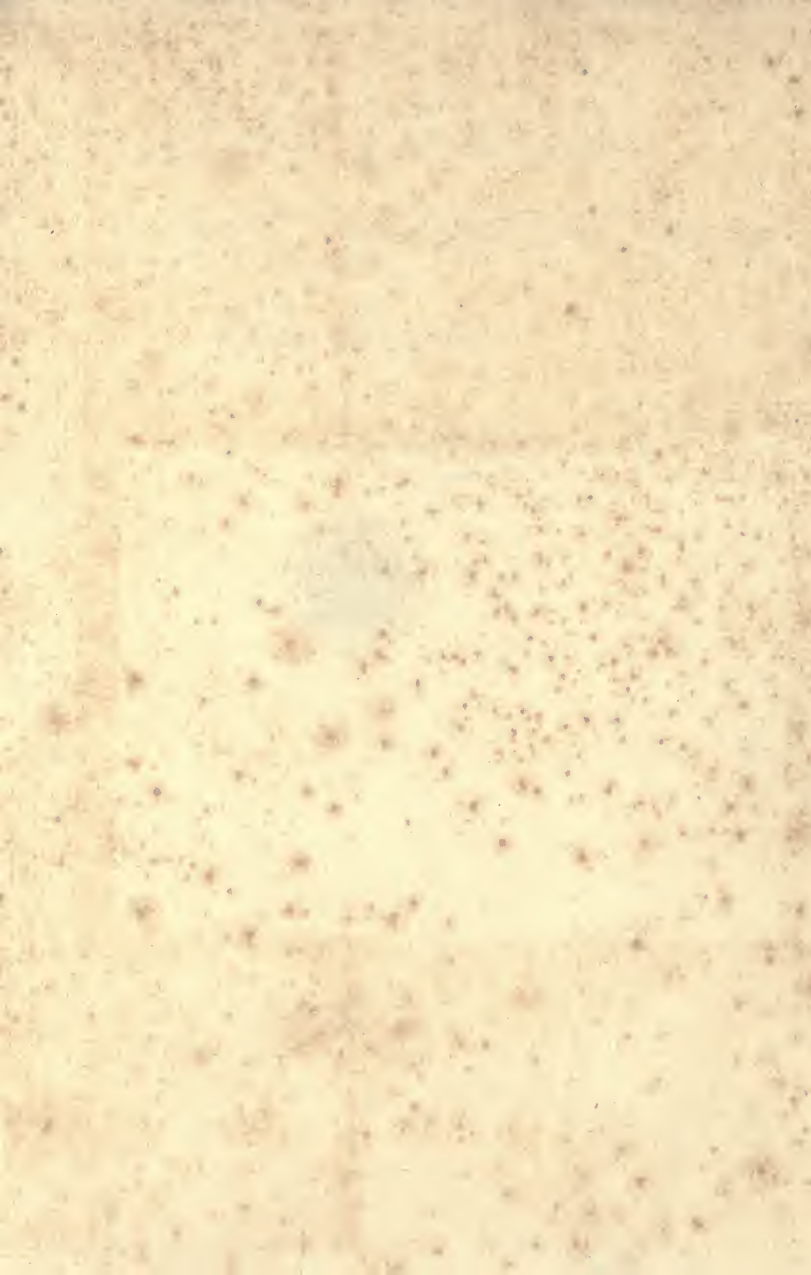
IN MEMORIAM

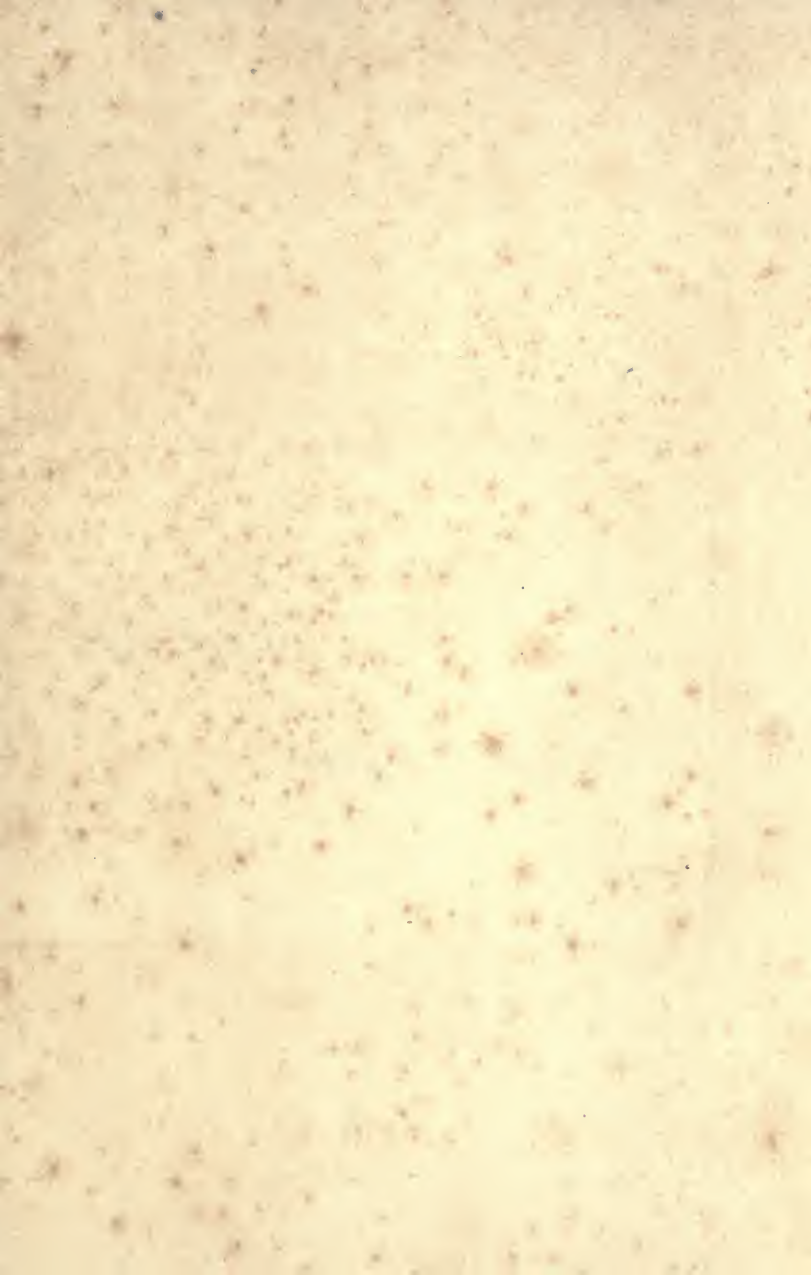




**COLMAN,**

**NORK PARK.**





To Nellie Colman  
With affectionate regards  
Yours truly  
George DeGree

188





IN MEMORIAM.

BY

GEORGE DALZIEL.



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MAIN

MARY-ANN (RUMBALL) DALZIEL,

BORN AT LEVERINGTON, WISBECH,  
SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1823;

DIED AT WOOLER HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD, IN THE  
EARLY MORNING OF APRIL 14TH, 1886.



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“... The tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.”

—TENNYSON.



## In Memoriam.



### I.

THERE'S music 'mong the green leaves,  
There's music in the meadow ;  
The lark is singing in the sky,  
On earth there's ne'er a shadow.

The grass is sparkling bright with gems,  
Full bright the daisy's showing ;  
The leafy trees are full of joy—  
With joy my heart is glowing :

For Mary owns her love for me—  
My darling, now for ever ;  
I fly from all the world to thee,  
To leave thee—never, never.

Our love shall be without alloy,  
'Mid sun or stormy weather ;  
Thy smile shall be my guiding star,  
While we live on together.

## II.

GOOD-MORROW to you, love! Good-morrow!  
Glad greeting, darling wife of mine;  
May many, many a glad good-morrow  
On this same day be thine and mine:  
Now mine with all life's joys to give  
True happiness on earth to thee,—  
May many years be thine to live,  
Bright sunny days be thine to see.  
Though we have now been twelve months wed,  
The time like twelve short hours hath fled.  
Full many years of health and joy,  
Be now thy lot without alloy;  
Bright as the morning, may thy whole life long  
Be glad and happy as a joyous song.

## III.

You've left me for a day, my dear,  
You've left me for a day ;  
The few short hours seem like a year  
That you have been away.

Though hours are short, the day is long,  
The house looks dark to me ;  
I miss the music and the song  
Of your sweet company.

The rooms are dark, the house is dull,—  
Slow drags the weary day,—  
The bitter cup of life is full,  
When you, love, are away.  
Come back ! when you come back to me  
Wide loving arms shall welcome thee.



## IV.

CAN I e'er forget the hour  
When we loitered in the bower,  
While you plighted your maiden troth to me, Mary?  
When we spent the summer day  
In the meadow 'mong the hay,  
And the birds sang out their sweetest notes to thee, Mary?

Can I e'er forget the day  
When we laughed the time away,  
When we danced upon the green in the shade, Mary?  
Oh, the days of love and youth!  
They were days of joy and truth,—  
And the mem'ry of their light shall never fade, Mary.

And full often have we seen  
When the trees were budding green,  
When winter fled at coming of the spring, Mary;

And on sunny summer night,  
When the garden flowers were bright,  
You have listened to the songs that I would sing, Mary.

But the summer day will close,  
And the bloom will leave the rose,  
And the wintry nights are coming as we wend, Mary ;  
Tho' we now are growing old,  
And the world looks sere and cold,  
Yet our hearts shall aye be warm e'en to the end, Mary.

## V.

WHEN life is young, and hope runs high,  
    We soon forget our sorrow;  
We reckon not how the time may fly,  
    Nor care what comes to-morrow.  
But years roll on, and locks are grey,  
    Bright eyes grow dim and hollow,  
Soft rosy cheeks will pale away,  
    And green leaves all turn yellow.

While in the busy hum of life,  
    Should favouring fortune meet you,  
How soft the path—nor care nor strife—  
    How many, smiling, greet you.  
Yet hearts once warm as sunny day  
    May prove all cold and hollow,  
Bright joyous hope no more will stay—  
    The green leaves all turn yellow.

We bask beneath the sunny eyes  
That dream of loving ever,  
We plight our troth with vows and sighs,—  
Can those be broken?—never!  
When we have braved life's sun and snow,  
When years grow ripe and mellow,  
The prize we love will richer grow,  
Tho' green leaves all turn yellow.

## VI.

WHEN love was young love, May, to you and me,—  
When all the world wore golden drapery,—  
Then came the sweet words, tender in their tone,  
Telling of my true love for thee, my own.

Oft in the moonlight, oft on sunny day,—  
In the dim twilight when the sky was grey,—  
Out on the rough road where the wind blew cold,  
Warm words of true love from the heart were told.

Told by the fireside on dark stormy night,—  
Told in the cool shade, or on hilly height,—  
On moss-green bank, where clear the waters flow,  
Warm words of true love from the heart did glow.

Told in the warm grasp, when hands only speak,—  
In a fond look—a touch upon the cheek,—  
Oft have I heard the true love-words from you,—  
Sweet were the song-notes, darling, as they grew.

Sweet words of true love ever have we told,  
Each to the other in young days and old,—  
Under the summer sky—in winter bare,—  
When day was drear, love, if thou wert not there.

Bright, sunny days will pass, dark nights go by;  
Still will there be light in the starry sky,—  
Light that will aye burn, giving joy to me,  
On to the end, love, to the end, with thee.

## VII.

I HAD a sweet long dream of love !  
A pleasant dream to me,  
It hung about my pleasèd soul,  
Like a sweet melody :  
The world seemed filled with golden light,  
I saw no sorrow there,—  
No shadow came my path to blight,  
No dark cloud in the air.

My love was gentle, good, and kind,  
So young and all so fair,—  
The light of heaven shone in her eyes,  
And gold light in her hair.  
I loved her for her words of love,  
And for her sweet, sweet smile,—  
Those words of love such magic wove,  
They did my heart beguile.

Now, when my bliss was at its full,  
And bright the world did seem, '—  
She faded from my grasp and sight,—  
It must have been a dream !  
And yet so real the fancy was,  
And truth-like in its seeming,  
I never for a moment dreamt  
That I was only dreaming.

I felt her kisses on my cheek,  
Her soft touch I recall  
I heard her rosy lips declare  
She loved me best of all.  
O, was it night? or was it day?  
O, sleeping was't, or waking,  
That I did taste those kisses sweet,  
Our true lips music making?

I cannot tell you how she went,  
Nor can I tell you where,  
I know I heard a loved one's voice  
Sing farewells in the air.  
O, I would gladly go to sleep  
And sleep my life away,  
Could I but dream of that sweet love  
I lost at the dawn of day !



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To see again the loving eye,  
    The sweet soft voice to hear ;  
To feel the warm breath on my cheek,—  
    The sunny smile so dear.  
O, never shall my life regain  
    The golden thread it wove—  
The golden thread that linked my dream  
    Of life with days of love !

## VIII.

I SOUGHT her in the leafy garden ground,  
    Among the roses, which she loved so well ;  
I sought her in the copse, and all around,  
    Down by the brook, and in the ferny dell.

I sought her in the old familiar room,  
    But, woe is me ! my darling was not there ;  
And o'er the pleasant place had passed a gloom—  
    She was not in her old accustomed chair.

Through all the house I went, the long, bright day,  
    Wand'ring, to seek the loved one I had lost ;  
From early morning down to evening grey,  
    But could not find the love I loved the most.

The house was empty, and a silence reigned  
    Through all the place, that erewhile was so gay ;  
A something lost that could not be regained—  
    The very life of HOME had passed away.

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I sought her in the busy crowded mart,  
Where many feet go hurrying all around—  
Amid the throng, with ever-anxious heart,  
But here, again, she was not to be found.

I sought her by the shining, yellow sand,  
I sought on cliff and by the rock-bound shore  
Where we have often loitered, hand in hand,  
All lover-like, in the glad days of yore.

In copse, by brook, nor by the scented tree,  
Nor in the meadow, 'neath the leafy shade,  
Nor on the sand that girts the restless sea,  
Could I trace now the footprints she had made.

## IX.

SING, sing, thou night wind,—  
    Among the leafy trees,—  
O sing around the gabled roof  
    And o'er the grassy leas ;  
Sing to me of early home,  
    Of happy days and fair ;  
Let all the well-loved voices come  
    And fill the cold night air.

Sing, sing, thou night wind,—  
    Come sing when I am sad ;  
Wake now a joyous melody  
    To make the weary glad.  
Sing to me of sunny skies,  
    Of laughter light as day ;  
O sing to me of bright blue eyes  
    That now are far away !

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Sing, sing, thou night wind,—  
Soft sighing o'er the sea,—  
Low sweeping o'er the yellow sand—  
Come, sing a song to me !  
How the ship sails to the shore  
Swift o'er the deep blue sea !  
O sing the sweet song evermore,  
And bring my love to me.

Sing, sing, thou night wind,  
Sing now unto my heart ;  
O sing to me of coming days,  
With all thy cunning art.  
Bring the love that's far away !  
Bring back my love to me !  
Let sweet voice sing, and soft eyes play,  
In thy weird melody.

## X.

I HAVE left my love there lying  
On her death-bed, dying, dying !  
The wild storm-clouds fast are flying  
                    Now o'er my way !  
Oh, shall we never, never more  
Wend through the wood, or by the shore  
Wander, as in glad time of yore  
                    In the bright day ?

Now the wild storm-wind is sighing,  
And the wild storm-clouds are flying,  
And the day in tempest dying  
                    On land and wave ;  
Oh, shall we never meet again  
By woody glade or in the lane,  
And sing our love in simple strain,  
                    All true and brave ?

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My love will in the grave lie sleeping,—  
And, oh, my heart is sad and weeping,  
And the midnight vigils keeping  
                  O'er her so fair.

The shroud shall wrap her body round,  
Deep, deep down in the hallowed ground,  
Where ne'er shall come nor sigh nor sound  
                  To harm her there.

Tho' the wild storm-wind is sighing,—  
Withered leaves are wildly flying,—  
Wintry day, in tempest dying,  
                  On sea and shore.

Yet will I wait, and constant be  
Until the time shall come for me  
When I again her face may see,  
                  And part no more.

## XI.

OH, she was fair, and blithe, and young,  
Bright sunny locks her brow adorning ;  
Her eyes like day, that's just begun,  
All on a clear, glad summer's morning.

My loved one she was sweet to me,  
Her memory I shall love for ever ;  
Ah, woe that Fate should e'er decree,  
That two true hearts on earth should sever !

For, oh, the reaper came at night  
And gathered in our choicest rearing ;  
The heavy blow fell like a blight,  
Defying all kind word of cheering.

Now dark and drear the path I tread,  
The world hath lost, for me, its gladness ;  
Where once its sheen the sunlight shed  
I see now only cold and sadness.

Drear coldness where the daisies grew—  
Brown withered leaves among the roses—  
God's-acre spangled o'er with dew  
Where my sweet loved one now reposes.



## XII.

Who the merry song can sing,  
    With a heavy heart?  
Who can make loud laughter ring,  
    When the tear would start?  
Mourning, hear the jest go round,  
    And still try to smile?  
Laughter is a joyous sound,  
    Glad hearts to beguile.

Who can hail the morning light  
    When the eyes are red?  
Who can deem the world is bright  
    When all joy is fled?  
Summer day seems dark and drear,  
    Naught on earth looks glad;  
Daylight brings no thought to cheer,  
    When the heart is sad.

When the heavy heart doth sigh,  
For the grief that's there,  
How can eyes sad thought defy,  
And bright joy-mirth share?  
Let me in the darksome hour,  
When grief weighs me down,  
Sit where mad-like tempests lower,  
And the heavens frown.

Let me wander by the shore,  
Where the waves run high,—  
Where the foaming breakers roar,  
And the seabirds cry.  
Storms will pass, and so the night,  
So may sorrow flee ;  
But the sunny morning light  
Brings no joy to me.

## XIII.

COLD and grey is the wintry day,  
And the wintry day is dying ;  
Frost and snow where the daisies grow,  
And the wild storm-clouds are flying.  
Quick fades the light—quick comes the night,  
Darkness now its watch is keeping ;  
But darkness will not stay the ill,  
Nor soothe the lone heart to sleeping.

Bright breaks the morn of spring new-born,  
Light shades on the soft green lying ;  
Now song-birds sing, and glad hearts bring  
Kind words, with each other vying.  
But spring time green, nor the summer's sheen,  
Youth, nor song, nor idly sleeping,  
Nor love, nor fear, will keep us here ;—  
For the reaper's scythe is reaping.

## XIV.

Now drear and dark the wintry day,—  
And the freezing snowflakes flying ;  
Light has fled—the day is dying,  
And darkness comes where light did play.  
Without, the night is cold and grey ;  
Within, the fire burns warm and glowing—  
There sunny smiles—glad words are flowing—  
That strive to chase sad thoughts away.

But, hark to the storm, how wild and chill !—  
How swift the stormy clouds are flying ;  
And, O my heart is sad and sighing,  
While fierce wind roars o'er moor and hill,—  
Though waves may kiss, or lash the shore,  
My loved one's voice shall sing no more.

## XV.

HAD we but known how soon the hand  
    We held in ours, in loving fold,—  
How soon it would respond no more,  
    But pulseless lie, all dead and cold !

Had we but known how soon the lip  
    We pressed so close in loving kiss,  
Would lose its glow, and, cold and pale,  
    No more would give the smile we miss !

Had we but known how soon the eyes  
    That shed their light on all around,  
Would lose the lustre of the skies,  
    And sleep beneath the grassy ground !

Had we but known how soon that heart—  
    That brave, true heart—would beat no more,  
And lifeless lie, like withered flower,  
    Or garment that her spirit wore—

We had not let the moments fly  
So idly, as they passed along,—  
We had not left the loved one's side  
To listen to a soulless song.

How lingering, then, would we have held  
That loving grasp, locked in our own ;  
How closer pressed the sweet, sweet lips,  
That smiled upon us,—Had we known !

We saw that strength was failing fast,  
But fond love would not let us see  
That soon the hand, the lip, the eye  
Would live but in our memory,—  
Had we but known !

## XVI.

SLEEPING, darling, sleeping,  
The brave heart gone to rest ;  
While friends were round thee, weeping  
O'er the truest and the best.  
The dear life now has passed away  
From stormy night to endless day.

Sleeping, darling, sleeping,  
No more on earth to wake ;  
No more our vigils keeping,  
For the glad new morn doth break  
In light that now shines forth for thee—  
The light through all eternity.

Sleeping, darling, sleeping,  
Sleeping 'mong the dead ;  
A harvest thou art reaping  
Where thy pure soul hath fled—  
A harvest all of golden grain,  
Which blight of sin can never stain.

In thy new world waking,  
The sheen of glad surprise,  
At each new wonder breaking  
On thy glory-opened eyes ;  
Methinks I hear the joyous ring  
Of thy sweet voice in Heaven sing.

Darling, thou art sleeping !  
We lay thee to thy rest,  
While friends are round thee weeping  
With heads bowed down on breast—  
Rest thou, and wait, as winged time flies,  
Till we shall meet thee in the skies.



## XVII.

FAR colder than the wintry day,  
Far darker than the darkest night,  
Is grief that comes like heavy blight  
When those we love are borne away ;  
Yet, why should death bring tears and pain,  
And fill the mind with heavy gloom ?  
We go but to another room !—  
“ To-morrow ” we shall meet again !  
This hope alone can still the heart,  
When grief will cause the tears to flow—  
The hope that we ere long shall go  
Where loved ones meet and never part !  
Now o'er my heart has swept the wave,  
While standing at my loved one's grave.

## XVIII.

FAREWELL!—how hard a thing it is to say  
Farewell, to those that we have fondly known  
And loved, and laughed with through the summer day,  
Then wondered how the fleeting hours had flown.

And oh, how bitter falls the darksome hour,  
When we are called to take the last farewell,  
The last fond look, when death's dark face doth lower,  
And in our ear rings out the passing knell?

Farewell! farewell! alas, the heavy doom  
When I was called a last farewell to say,  
All nature seemed in darkness then, and gloom  
In parting from the one I loved, that day.

My darling, thou art taken from my side,  
Alone the dreary road of life I wend,  
Alone, whate'er of weal or woe betide,—  
Without thee, loved one, to the weary end.

But at the end, oh, what the joy to me !  
    Whate'er may now of sorrow come, or pain.  
I then once more thy loving eye shall see,  
    We meet, then, ne'er to say farewell again !

## XIX.

WHAT would we give, could we recall  
Some moments of the bygone time,  
When chance we let a light word fall,  
That now we deem almost a crime ?

What would we give could we again  
Look in those eyes that now are dead,  
And soothe, with fondest love, the pain  
That racked the brave heart, ere life fled ?

What would we give, could we once more  
Have that loved presence by our side,  
With all the love her sweet words bore,  
As we sailed o'er the rippling tide  
Of life, in fair or stormy weather,—  
As we went hand-in-hand together.

## XX.

SHALL we again meet when the morning breaks,  
In the new world with its refulgent light?  
Yes, meet again, with new, unfading joy,  
In that fair land where never comes the night?

And fondly gaze into each other's eyes,  
And speak the words of never-dying love?  
In rapture folded in each other's arms,  
For ever dwell in that bright world above?

Oh! shall we meet, and, meeting, hand-in-hand  
Go up to where the herald angel waits,—  
And hear the gladsome tidings there, "Well done,  
Ye faithful, enter through the golden gates."

The still small voice aye whispers in my heart,  
And ever sings so sweetly its refrain;  
When I, like her, have slept, we shall awake,  
And know each other when we meet again.

Oh, joy ! to meet again that happy smile  
Of welcome that I know will greet me there ;  
To take and give again the angel kiss,  
And hear her welcome floating in the air.

Yea, of a truth, we two shall meet again,  
And know each other as we did on earth,—  
And spend a bright eternity of love,  
All hallowed by the glorious Heavenly birth.

## XXI.

AND shall we know each other then, when flies  
The spirit from the earth to realms above,  
To mingle with the angels in the skies,  
All radiant with our blessed Saviour's love ?

O, shall we know each other when we meet  
In that bright heaven away beyond the stars ?  
Shall we then walk about the "golden street"  
Where no dark cloud angelic beauty mars ?

Shall we know each other and gaze again  
Into those eyes we loved on earth so well ?  
Shall we repeat the often-sung refrain,  
The love notes that we ever loved to tell ?

O, shall we meet and talk of days of old,  
The days of youth, when all was summer sheen ;  
And of the winter, with its frost and cold,  
The merry dancing on the village green ?

And shall we talk of all the time gone by,  
The friends we loved so well while dwelling here  
On earth, and shall there never come a sigh,—  
A vain regret, or e'en a glistening tear?

Shall we then talk of garden trim and gay,  
With roses clustering by the southern wall,  
Where we have loitered oft on sunny day,  
And mem'ries of our golden youth recall?

Shall we again tell of the daisy-lea,  
Of woody dell with all its leafy green,  
The babbling brooklet, or the broad, deep sea,  
And rocky paths where oft our steps hath been?

Or shall past days on earth be all forgot,  
No record kept of joy-time or of pain?  
No note of sounding praise, no blameful blot,  
No yearning for the sweet green spots again?

No talk of friends we held in high esteem,  
When we went happy, linking hand in hand?  
O, shall we not, e'en like a fleeting dream,  
Recall the time we loitered on the land?



We little reck what then our converse be,  
Or if some thoughts of earth Heaven's bliss alloy,  
If in that world we but each other see—  
That in itself would be an untold joy.

## XXII.

WHAT language shall we speak in that new world,  
When we have left this earth we love so well?  
When in a moment we are strangely hurled  
To what, or where no human tongue can tell.

I do believe that we shall meet again,  
And know the loved ones that we held so dear;  
But shall we sing the old familiar strain,  
And speak the selfsame words we whispered here?

Or shall our language, like our spirit, change.  
And all the children of the earth be one—  
One universal language there to range,  
When all this passing earthly life is done?

Shall that new language every want embrace,  
And clearly to our brother man be known  
By every people of the human race,  
As low they bow before the eternal throne?

Shall all the various nations of the earth  
Throw off the mask when this short farce is o'er,  
Distinction as to age, or place of birth,  
Cultured men and savage be no more?

XXIII.

“ ... O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still ! ”

—TENNYSON.

O FOR the sound of that sweet voice,  
Whose words were all of love to me ;  
That made my throbbing heart rejoice  
Like music's choicest melody.

O for a touch of that soft hand,  
That through my silvery locks did play ;  
That like a gentle fairy's wand  
Turned darksome night to summer day.

The voice is mute, the hand is still,  
The eyes where truest love-light shone  
No more my lonely heart can fill,  
For they are gone ! For ever gone !

For ever far from earth away,  
And I am left, alas ! to mourn,  
Until that latest opening day,  
When we shall meet beyond the bourne.

## XXIV.

THEY bid me seek, in change of scene,  
Some place where all things shall be new,—  
To leave the home where thou hast been,  
Where many happy memories grew.

How can I leave the dear old place  
That's hallowed as thy last abode?  
In every corner here I trace  
Some memory where thy feet have trod.

And, ah, in every room I see  
A record of thy constant care ;  
Each place you trimmed so daintily—  
Thy presence breathing everywhere.

At every turn where'er I go,  
From room to room, while wandering on—  
Each place that thou didst loving know,  
Reminds me but that thou art gone.

I linger, loth to close the door—  
I gaze upon the pictured wall,  
Each dainty thing that thou didst store,  
Some sacred memory doth recall.

And then comes o'er my troubled heart  
The peaceful rest of days gone by—  
The days ere we were called to part,  
And I was left alone to sigh.

For here thy spirit seems to rest  
Awhile, ere it shall spread its wing,  
And take its place among the blessed,  
And hymns of praise for ever sing.

## XXV.

I COUNT the hours ! I count the days !  
As milestones passed upon the road ;  
No worldly yearning now delays  
My journey to the blest abode  
Where thou dost dwell, my love, my best.  
I toil along, heartsick and sore,  
Aye yearning for the promised rest  
That I shall find on yonder shore,  
Where thou, I know, dost waiting stand  
With greeting—in thy glad, bright eyes—  
With welcome to the golden land,—  
The home of bliss beyond the skies.  
Each hour, each day a milestone passed—  
And thou wilt meet me at the last.

## XXVI.

My footsteps took me to the old, old place  
Where first I met thee, in the bygone time,—  
Where first I saw thy sweet, sweet winning face,  
And thy young voice fell like a silvery chime.

And then the vision of a long-past day  
Came, dream-like, up before my pleasèd eyes ;  
Again I heard the tender music play,—  
Again the song came with a sweet surprise.

Once more the merry band of lad and lass—  
Again the merry laugh did seem to ring—  
'Twas but a vision that did quickly pass  
Like music song-birds make in carolling.

But, ah ! how changed was now the garden fair ;  
'Tis true the roses clung close to the wall,  
And wealth of floral blossom clustered there,  
But Death's cold hand seemed hovering over all.

The flowers seemed drooping as I passed along,  
The very sun seemed tinged with streaks of cold ;  
For then, sweet love, I missed thy silvery song,—  
Thou wert not there—so all the tale is told.

How could the garden now look bright and glad,  
When all the sunshine of its life was gone ?  
Dark shadows fell, and all around was sad,—  
Thou wert not there. Alas ! I stood alone.



## XXVII.

As dies the twilight, man at last shall die;  
His loved possessions from his grasp shall fly,  
    And soon his name be blotted out of day !  
But is there not another time that's near,  
When sweeter songs shall fill the listening ear  
    In that new world where comes no cold decay ?

O, yes, there is another joyous land  
Where we may hope, when time is past, to stand  
    And listen to the songs of prayer and praise ;  
And it may be that we shall join the song—  
Be numbered 'mong that glorious, angel throng  
    That stands before the King of endless days.

## XXVIII.

OH! is there peace for the heavy heart—

For the tossed on this world's tempestuous sea?  
For those who shall seek "the better part,"  
Who stand in the fight where many do flee?

And is there rest for the weary-worn,

Who are bowed to the earth with weight of woe?  
For those adrift from the night till morn,  
That lie bleeding and crushed in the winter snow?

Who toil in the trench, nor murmur nor sigh,—

Who charge when the shot is hailing around?  
Who brave the rough sea when tempest is high,—  
Who ready go where the dying are found?

A harbour is marked on the pilgrim's chart,

A beacon doth burn high up on the height,—  
An anchor is fixed that never shall part,  
A gleam lights the sky on the darkest night!

Though alone in the fight, and few we save,  
    Though we gather 'mid storms the harvest sheaves,  
Vict'ry shall crown the brow of the brave,  
    And peace be found in the laurel leaves.

## XXIX.

AND is it all rough road ?  
Is it all weary way ?  
All watching in the night,  
And toiling in the day ?

Struggling with the fierce wind,  
Or fighting with the foe ?  
Rough road and thorny path,  
And grief to undergo ?

There is much, much up-hill,  
There is sore toil and woe ;  
Smothered with the hot dust,—  
Now shivering through the snow.

But 'tis not all rough toil ;  
Bright sunny spots are found,—  
Cool sheltered shady groves,  
With blossoms blooming round.

Brooks rippling cool the air  
And glad the weary eye,  
Torches light the hill-top,  
Stars glitter in the sky.

And while we toil up-hill,  
Or loiter by the way,  
Oh, let us not forget  
That we must watch and pray!

## XXX.

“I HAVE been young but now am old !”  
I have been glad, but now am sighing,—  
For I have seen my loved one cold—  
Cold on her death-bed lying.

The days were warm when we were young,  
The sun shone bright, and song-birds flying ;  
But now my heart with grief is wrung,  
For I have watched my dear one dying.

O happy days, too quickly past,—  
O youth, with all the joys of morning !  
With music glad the time flew fast,  
Bright summer sheen all earth adorning.

And now, with all the young days gone,  
And her I loved in cold grave lying  
I sit and mourn, alone, alone,—  
And spend my weary hours in sighing.

## XXXI.

It matters little what our length  
Of days on earth may be,—  
Or whether in life's early spring,  
Or at ripe maturity  
We halt upon the winding road,  
Lay down the load  
Our shoulders bore,  
Put off the garb our spirits wore.

But oh ! it matters much indeed  
How we employ the day,—  
The time committed to our charge  
To use as best we may ;  
How all those golden hours are spent,  
Which are but lent,  
For we must give  
Account for every day we live.

Pure, high, and holy, loving deeds,  
Short life we need to do ;  
A very little span of life  
Will prove the heart is true ;  
A heart of metal pure and bright,  
With pulses right,—  
Its acts are seen,  
In years long after it has been.

Are we not told that we must work  
While it is callèd day,  
For that the night comes quickly on,—  
How quickly, who shall say ?  
Night cometh, when no work is done,  
Man's course is run,  
The last hour gone,  
And he is carried to his home.

And all the work that we have done,  
For evil or for good,  
The hallowed duties we've performed,  
Temptations well withstood,  
Shall shed an influence here on earth,  
And yield a birth  
Which ne'er shall die,  
But live through all eternity.



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Then labour hard and do thy work ;  
Still bear thy burden on ;  
And, when the time for reckoning comes,  
Thy guerdon shall be won ;  
For, if thy work is nobly done,  
Thy race well run,  
I will engage  
Thou shalt receive a liberal wage.

## XXXII.

THERE is one joy that fills the mourner's heart,—  
    A joy ineffable and all supreme,—  
It soothes the agony—it heals the smart,  
    And shines out with an ever radiant gleam.  
Like sunshine on a bitter winter day,—  
    Like cooling fountain in the summer heat,—  
Like meadow blooming in the flowery May,  
    Or music floating down the crowded street.  
'Tis faith that fills the heart with holy joy,  
    That tells of better worlds far, far away,  
Where no grief-canker ever can destroy;—  
    The hope to live in world of endless day;  
For naught of sin or sorrow lingers there,  
But soft angelic sweetness floating everywhere.

## XXXIII.

“HE giveth His belovèd sleep,”—  
That peaceful sleep that lies unbroken ;  
No more long vigils now to keep,  
Nor weary days of toil unspoken.

And then ! oh, then will dawn the morn—  
The radiant light of glory breaking ;  
The ransomed soul, then newly born,  
Glad entrance into glory making.

Oh, joy ! what raptures there to see  
The angels all loud praises singing,  
In their undying minstrelsy,  
While loud, like joy-bells, hymns are ringing.

## XXXIV.

WE sleep! yes, that mysterious state called sleep;  
The soul hath fled far, far away from this  
Frail garment that we wear—by which we're known—  
Into the great unfathomable deep;  
Without beginning 'tis, and without end;  
For keenest eye can never trace, nor pierce  
This vast illimitable space.

Oh, depth  
Of greatest mystery! Who, who can tell,  
Or point to where the living soul hath gone?  
We know that what we here called life, hath fled,  
And left this earthly "garment" to decay;  
But where the soul, that passed with one deep sigh,  
Hath made its resting-place, no living man  
In this bright world shall ever know, or tell.  
We know that we shall die, and we are told  
That there are worlds of purer light beyond;  
But these are only words: no eye hath seen,

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Nor hath there ever one returned to tell  
The mystery of that life beyond the skies.  
'Tis speculation all ; yet we believe ;  
And oh, how joyous that belief doth rest  
Upon the heart ; and 'stead of darksome gloom  
That comes, when least we heed, with crushing force  
That well-nigh bears us prostrate to the earth,  
And blurs the very beauty of the sun—  
It lifts the gloomy curtain of despair,  
And shows a scene of such rare majesty—  
Such rich refulgent beauty over all,  
That we could almost clap our hands with joy,  
E'en though our heart be weeping in our woe.

## XXXV.

YES!--we shall sleep the long, sweet sleep,  
And wake no more to weeping ;  
The sky shall shine ethereal blue—  
Song-birds their matins keeping ;  
And ages o'er this world shall roll,  
While we lie peaceful sleeping.

## XXXVI.

THIS life is like the dreams that fly :  
Now light, now dark,—'tis constant never ;  
We are but born that we may die,  
And die that we may live for ever.

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## XXXVII.

WHEN grief lies heavy on the heart,  
When tears fall sadly from the eye,—  
When all the world is dark and drear,  
And clouds obscure the bright, blue sky,—  
When friend, whose love was very life,  
Lies cold and dead, to smile no more,—  
When all around the angry waves  
Beat madly on the dreary shore,—  
Then fall these sweet, consoling words,  
Like dew of morn, on heart oppressed :  
“Come unto Me, ye weary ones,  
And I will give you rest.”  
Oh, heavy heart, let sorrow cease :  
The Lord of Life doth promise peace !

## XXXVIII.

THE last fond words that we did hear,—  
The last fond look from loving eye,  
Though far away, they still are near—  
Near, like the bright blue of the sky.  
How fondly round the heart they cling,  
There making night like sunny day ;  
Glad joyous thoughts they ever bring ;  
In fancy we can hear the play  
Of voices that we long have known ;  
Into our soul the sounds are wove,—  
We hear them most, when most alone,  
The last words of the voice we love.

And often, in the silent night,  
When wrapped in sleep the whole world lies,  
These eyes come hovering with the light  
They borrow'd from their native skies.  
O we would give the untold gold,  
If untold gold we had in store,



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Could we again on earth behold  
Those ever dear in days of yore.  
To see again the loving eyes—  
The last fond looks of love they shed,—  
These linger yet, as quick time flies,  
And linger shall, till life has fled.

Though we may oft with ease recall  
Bright happy days of dance and play,—  
When merry laughter's ring did fall  
And chase all colder thoughts away :  
When these are past—when day is gone—  
We hear and see, oft very nigh,  
While we are by the hearth alone,  
The last kind word, the loving eye ;  
That look, ere with the latest breath  
The sweet eyes closed in sleep of Death.

## XXXIX.

MEMORY ! pleasant memory !  
How joyously it fills the space  
Of long-past years ! How we can see  
The happy throng, the bright young face,  
Where looks of love in loving eyes,—  
The voice that spoke in silvery strain—  
Gave, what we deemed the greatest prize,  
The heart, we gave our own to gain.  
Oh ! glad the merry days, I ween,  
We saw no dark cloud in the sky,—  
For storm, or hail, or sunny sheen,  
All days were bright as they went by.

Time flies, and many years are gone—  
We wond'ring stand to find them fled ;  
We look, and lo ! we stand alone,—  
Strange faces in the loved ones' stead.  
Yet still the sweet face hovers near,  
As it was wont in days of yore ;

At times we almost seem to hear  
The songs that we shall hear no more.  
But never shall these be forgot,  
However long this life may be !  
Still through my brain the sweet songs float,  
The richest gift of memory.

## XL.

ONE quiet evening in the sweet spring-time  
I wandered through a sheltered, woody glade ;  
From far I heard the silvery church bells chime,  
That filled with music all the leafy shade.  
And with the bells came forth the thrush's song,  
In chorus mingling, that was sweet to hear.  
Far, far away from this world's noisy throng,  
The sweet sounds fell upon my listening ear.

And still I wandered, dreaming of the time  
When we had loitered through the woody grove,  
When, hand in hand, we heard the same bells chime,  
Filling our hearts with melody and love.  
The birds' song, and the silvery ringing bells,  
Made such sweet music, as I loitered there,  
My heart was filled with dreamy thought that tells  
Of other voices hovering in the air.

And sweetest, O! of all the sounds that fell,  
I caught the notes of thy all-joyous song,  
That filled with rapture all the drowsy dell,  
Like scented breeze, that softly swept along.  
The bells, the birds, and thy dear voice did seem  
To hold my heart wrapt in their soft control—  
All Nature soothing—like a peaceful dream :  
'Twas like a sacred Sabbath to my soul.

## XLI.

ADVANCING years with steady step, though slow,  
March onward ; naught can stop them on their way,—  
Nor darkest night, nor golden, sunny day,  
Will check the stream of time, in ebb or flow.

The time that's past we know has all been told,  
And never will to us return again ;  
And so we pass, with oft-increasing pain,  
And tottering steps, into the sere and old.

Thus youth and beauty swift shall pass away ;  
The cheek grow pale ; the life-light leave the eye ;  
And all the beauty of the earth and sky  
Shall fade like sun-light of a summer's day.

But shall the heart, the soul, the inner life,  
Grow old and withered, as the hair turns grey ?  
No ! With the soul there can be no decay :  
'Twixt soul and time there is no warring strife.

---

For what are these few years—say, four score told—  
When weighed against the life that is to be?  
'Tis like a drop of water in the sea,—  
An atom that the eye cannot behold.

Is it not ever, as the body fades,  
That man will say, “ Ah, still my heart is young,  
And I could sing the songs my boyhood sung,  
And wander in the pleasant leafy glades?

“ ’Tis only that my hair is silvery gray ;  
Nor can I run as in the days of yore,—  
So I must sit beside my cottage door  
And watch the lads and lasses at their play.

“ Still I am glad my heart is young,—ah, yes !  
And I am thankful, too ; and very glad  
That still my heart is young, and I have had  
My stalwart youth and day of worldly bliss.”

It is the soul that speaks ! The soul doth see,  
And feel like youth that's sporting on the green.  
How can that soul e'er miss the golden sheen—  
That's formed to live through all eternity?

## XLII.

How great the mystery of that other world—  
That world that lies away beyond the skies—  
Where we are told that the immortal soul,  
When once set free from this frail house of clay,  
Shall live eternal in unfading joy !  
And yet we speculate and wonder what  
Our future state shall truly be ; and if  
Some mystic, golden chain shall, winding round,  
Still hold the spirit to this lower world ;  
Or if the loved ones who have gone before  
Still linger round the old familiar home,  
And, watching o'er the path of those they loved,  
Ward off the cruel blows the world would give,  
And drive the would-be tempter far away ;  
Or like the husbandman who watches o'er  
His fields, with ever-careful eyes to see  
How all his crops are ripening in the sun,  
With promise of a bright and rich reward,



And only lays his anxious care aside  
When yon grim reaper has gone forth to reap,  
And all the harvest safely gathered in.  
It is a great and wondrous mystery—  
A mystery that none shall ever solve  
Until this fleeting, short-lived time is gone,  
And we have passed across the mystic bourne  
From whence no human voice has ever come  
To tell the wonders that do lie beyond.

## XLIII.

Now art thou ready, soul of mine,  
    To leave thy present dwelling-place?  
Now ready all things to resign,  
    And meet thy Maker, face to face?  
To leave the home thou long hast known,  
Where sweetest memories all have grown?  
  
To leave the fair, green spots of earth,—  
    The garden where the roses grow?  
The songs of joy, of love, of mirth,  
    The bright spots where the rivers flow?  
The breezy hill, with heather clad,  
The woody glade, and song-birds glad?  
  
To leave the friends you love so dear—  
    The brother, sister, and the wife?  
And those sweet joys that cling so near  
    Thy heart; the sunny charm of life?  
To go into that spirit world,  
Where the great myst'ry lies unfurled?

O soul! mysterious germ of life,  
Hast thou been working, valiant, true?  
Hast thou fought in the noble strife,  
And brought thy banner safely through?  
Say, has the fight been stern and hard,—  
Shall glory be thy meet reward?

Remember, ere thy day is done—  
The day of life quick passing by,—  
The battle must be lost or won,  
And from the fight thou must not fly;  
If thou'rt not on the winning side,  
Then woe to thee at eventide.

Look to it now, O soul of mine!  
If yet there be more work for thee,  
Cleanse thou thine armour, make it shine,  
Go forth and win the victory!  
Leave naught undone, wipe out each stain;  
Remember there is Heaven to gain.

Remember the great Captain's call  
To fight and work while it is day;  
He cries to you, He cries to all,  
Each spot of rust to wipe away.  
Stand firm until the battle's won,  
And thou shalt live when time is done.

## XLIV.

THIS beauteous world is ours but for  
a few short fitful years—  
The friends we love, when we are gone,  
may shed hot, blinding tears;  
But as the busy tide of life  
flows rapidly along,  
The memory of our being here  
is fleeting as a song.

But memory of my darling's love  
can never pass from me,—  
It hovers round my inmost heart  
like some sweet melody—  
Like sweetest song that e'er was sung,  
or sweetest music played,  
Or, like a guardian angel, in  
her spotless robes arrayed.

*The following Verses were written by  
Mary-Ann Dalziel:—*

I.

WAFT, waft, ye winds, these words of love,  
From loving child to father dear,  
To greet thee on this May-day morn—  
To us the saddest in the year :  
A day we hold as sacred now,—  
I bow in heartfelt sympathy—  
For thy young wife from earth was ta'en,  
And mother's love was lost to me.  
“Our loss her gain,” for now she rests,  
Set free from every earthly care,  
And I am left, with daughter-love,  
To tend and watch thee everywhere.  
With love that no harsh word can break,  
I'll tend thee for my mother's sake.

## II.

OH, scenes of earth ! ye must not lure  
Our thoughts away from future days,  
But let us strive that we secure  
God's help to sing His worthy praise ;  
For this fair land is not our home,  
Tho' bright the tract we journey through,—  
Far, far away God's children roam,  
Where dwells the holy, good, and true.

God's children are a happy band,  
They look beyond this mist of time ;  
God guides them to the Promised Land—  
No sorrow comes to that fair clime ;  
Great mercies aye their steps pursue,  
And strength, that makes their spirit yearn  
More faithfully His will to do—  
The lesson of His life to learn.

### III.

'TWAS eve—the sun had ceased to shine—  
When first I met thee, darling mine.  
The scene I now full well can trace,  
Kind friends around—each smiling face—  
And loving words that kindly fell :  
“ First love ” came with its magic spell ;  
New thoughts came crowding on my mind,  
At every turn new joys to find ;  
I passed within the world of dreams,  
Where naught but summer sunlight gleams ;  
Tho' pain might come, of varied kind,  
And anxious cares distract the mind,  
Enough—I was beloved by you,  
My love each moment stronger grew.

Now thirty years have passed away  
Since our old, happy wedding day ;  
And all the years have fled so fast  
That like a vision they have past.

I've held thy love, these long-life days,  
In all thy truth—in all thy ways.  
May many bright glad days be thine,  
The same true love will still be mine.



#### IV.

THRICE happy day ! I love thy dawn,  
    Tho' all thy hours be wintry grey ;  
Love spreads her wings upon the morn  
    Of Life—first morn of endless day :  
Thy birthday, now ! Love spreads her wings  
    And gives glad greeting unto thee ;  
And oh, my heart responsive sings  
    That all thy days may happy be  
In love unclouded ! Years pass by  
    Our life, like one long joyous day,  
And bright still shines the sunny sky —  
    The song-birds sing, the lambkins play.

V.

WHERE IS HAPPINESS?

Is't in the deep green wood,—  
Down in the leafy shade,  
Where birds are blithely warbling,  
Ere the sweet roses fade?  
Is't in the palace home?  
The cottage by the sea?  
Or is it where the lowly dwell?  
The home-land of the free?  
With high, low, rich or poor,  
It may be everywhere—  
If but the heart be pure and true,  
True happiness is there.

## VI.

TIME flieth with its eagle wings,  
And many loved ones flee away ;  
And ever now fond memory brings  
The yearning wish and cry, " Oh, stay !"  
God bless thee, dearest, truest friend,  
Life's journey speedeth on apace,  
But bright the sun shines at the end—  
No sorrow at our resting-place.

## VII.

OH, the joy—the o'erflowing gladness—  
In the home where Jesus reigns !  
In the hours of joy or sadness  
He our constant friend remains.  
Here on earth we rest no longer  
Than may be His holy will ;  
May our trust and faith grow stronger  
While our mission we fulfil.

## VIII.

DARK, dark the storm-clouds passing o'er—  
    These clouds have gone but gloomy by ;  
Sometimes no beacon by the shore  
    To light, when greatest danger nigh.  
I thank Thee, God, for blessings given—  
    Calm peace, won after many fears ;  
The “still small voice” that speaks of heaven  
    Brings joy, tho' often dimmed by tears.  
I pray Thee still my steps to guide,  
    Whate'er Thou will'st is for the best ;  
Oh, in my heart of hearts abide,  
    That I may be for ever blessed !

## IX.

TIME quickly flies—the cares of life  
    Fill all our little span ;  
Yet there are many bright green spots—  
    Enjoy them while you can.  
Oh, treasure words of love, and friends,  
    They may not long be ours ;  
This is a changing, fleeting world,  
    With thorns amid the flowers ;  
Like sunshine dimmed by cloudy day,  
    That promised all so fair,  
Thus fleeting, loved ones pass away  
    Beyond all earthly care.

X.

Go forth—strength equal to thy day !  
Let duty guide thee on thy way.—  
Be ever loving, just, and true,  
E'en tho' sharp thorns thy path may strew ;  
Nor fear, nor falter—right is right—  
The battle fought—the vict'ry bright.  
The path of honour bears a cross—  
No cross, no crown ! then ours the loss.  
Go ! strength sufficient for thy day—  
In all this world's long weary way  
God's love at every step we see,—  
His rod and staff shall comfort thee.

XI.

O GOD of Love, stand Thou by me,  
    Whilst all the billows o'er me roll !  
Thine ever-watchful eye doth see  
    The inmost workings of my soul.  
O for the light of Thy dear love,  
    Clear pointing out my path below,—  
And faith with all my life be wove,  
    My Saviour's blessed will to know.  
Oh, hide me with Thy mantling love  
    Whilst journeying through this earthly land,—  
Prepare my soul for heaven above  
    Whilst waiting here Thy dread command.

XII.

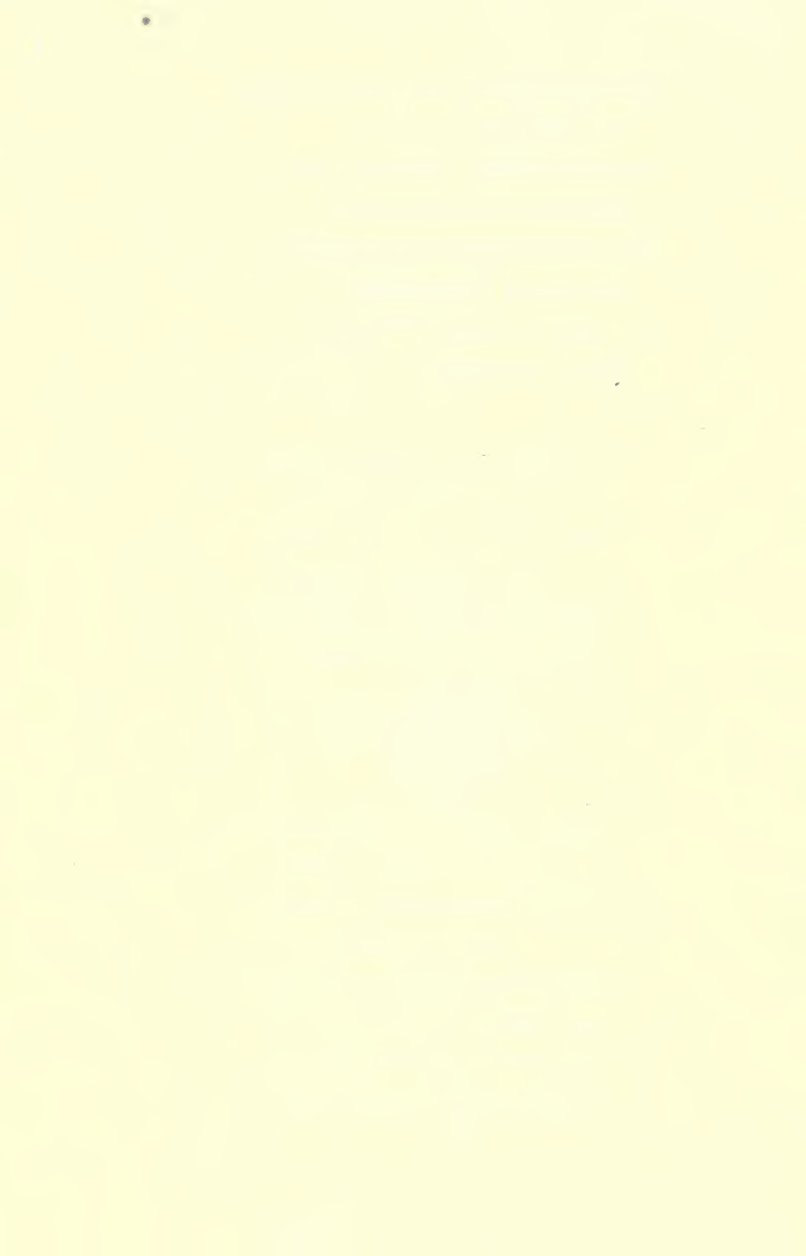
I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
And reigns in Heaven above ;  
I know that my Redeemer gives  
A gentle shepherd's love  
To all His people that do dwell  
On earth and sing His praise ;  
To every one His love-words tell  
Of bliss and endless days.

I know that my Redeemer died  
To save us from our sin,—  
By crown of thorns and bleeding side,  
Our glory he did win.  
O, Jesus, hear my constant cry,—  
My constant prayer shall be,  
“ In life, in death, be ever nigh,  
And lead me, Lord, to Thee.”



He lives, He lives ! and this we know,  
The golden words do tell,—  
That He did die, His love to show  
For those He loved so well.  
The words of hope tell we shall live,  
Because our Lord did die ;  
He unto all who seek doth give  
Blessed immortality.











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